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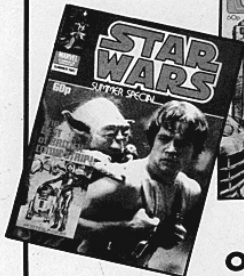
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THE DAREDEVILS

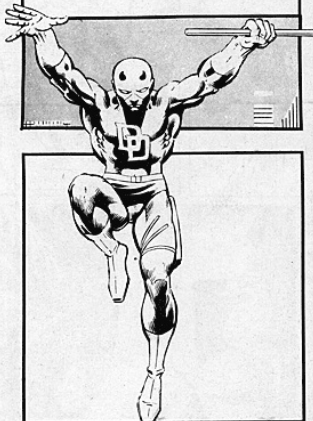
This issue we have more comic strip than ever! Captain Britain is thirteen pages this month and we have the added bonus of 'The Crusader'. A strip which first appeared in Rampage many moons ago and was Alan Davis' first professional comic strip!

Those of you that remember it look carefully and see if you notice the art changes Alan's made.

We hope to get the results of the questionnaire to you next issue but I'm not promising!

Last but not least, congratulations to Alan Davis and his wife on the birth of their daughter Pauline!

Have a good month —
Bernie



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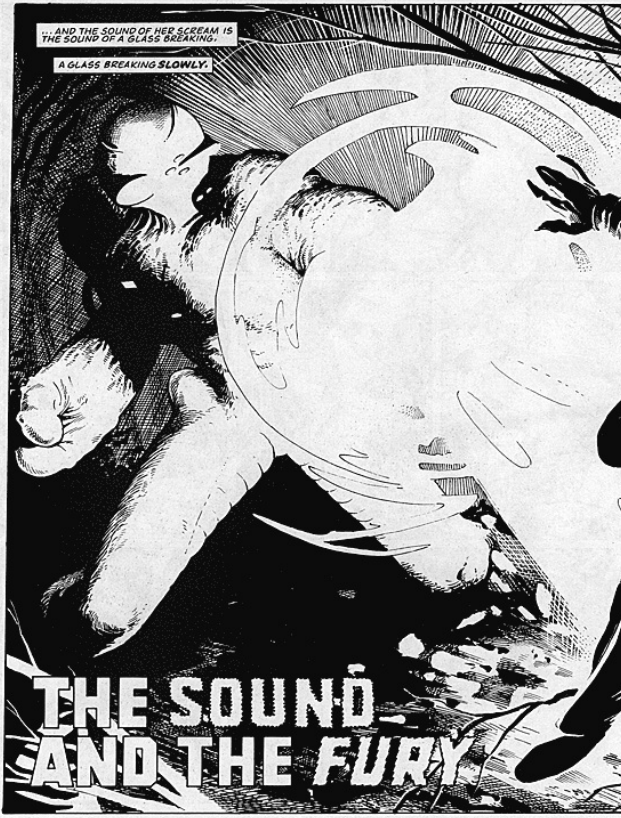
COVER:
Illustration: Alan Davis
Design and Colour: Floron Florenzo





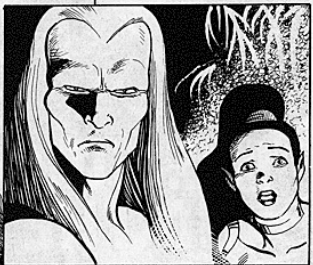
... AND THE SOUND OF HER SCREAM IS
THE SOUND OF A GLASS BREAKING.

A GLASS BREAKING SLOWLY.



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CAPTAIN BRITAIN



*Alan Moore
&
Alan Davis*
CO-CREATORS
Steve Craddock
LETTERER
Bernie Jaye
EDITOR

IT WAS WAITING FOR HER
IN THE BUSHES.

SHE'D BEEN DREAMING
ABOUT THIS FOR TEN
YEARS. UGLY DREAMS.
DREAMS OF SPURTING
AORTA.

DREAMS OF GANGLIA
TWITCHING FROM
THE WRECKAGE OF
SPINES.

SHE SAW NOW
HOW HOPELESSLY
OPTIMISTIC
THOSE DREAMS
HAD BEEN.

IT WAS SO MUCH
BIGGER THAN SHE
REMEMBERED...

+THREE DOGS+TWO CATS+ONE
BARKED TELEVISION+ONE THING
OF AN ABANDONED MOTOR CYCLE
+TWO HUMAN BEINGS++

THIS IS WHAT IT
HAD CONSUMED.
THIS IS WHAT IT
HAD EATEN.

+THE WOMAN IS
MCQUILLARD+
ALSO KNOWN AS
CAPTAIN W+
A TYPE FOUR
SUPERHERO++

IT WAS
BIGGER
NOW.

IT HAD EN-
COUNTERED
HER BEFORE.
SHE HAD
ESCAPED.

A MUSCLE
TIGHTENS.
PLATINUM
NERVES
CRACKLE...

NO.

NO!!



M-MERLIN?

SHE IS STILL
ALIVE!!

IT HAS SOMETHING
LIKE A FEELING,
AND THE FEELING
IS SOMETHING
LIKE DISBELIEF.

IT IDENTIFIES THE
SENSATION AS BEING
CONTRA-SURVIVAL
AND ERASES IT WITH
THE WAVE OF A GLAND.

*SHE IS STILL
ALIVE+THAT MUST
BE RECTIFIED*

...ONCE IT HAS DEALT WITH
WHATEVER APPROACHES IT
FROM BEHIND.



BUT LET'S
SEE HOW THAT
CHEAP SUIT OF
ARMOUR STANDS
UP TO...



Outside, the bleak sound,
Harsh and blue, rolls like warclouds
Shot with Death's lightening.









IT...

IT
KILLED
LEGION.

BUT
ONLY ONE
OF HIM...

THERE IS
ONLY ONE
OF HIM...

... BUT BY DOUBLING
BACK ON HIS OWN TIME-
LINE HE CAN SUMMON
COUNTLESS "LEGIONS",
EACH SEPARATED BY
A SPLIT INSTANT.

UNFORTUNATELY,
YOU ONLY HAVE TO KILL
ONE AND ALL THE OTHERS UP
THE TIMELINE FROM THAT
POINT VANISH FOREVER...

... CROWD.

... AND THAT
THING'S JUST
DONE IT.

"LEGION'S DEAD..."

"AND A WEEK FROM NOW, CATCHING UP WITH THE INSTANT OF HIS DEATH, HE WILL BLINK OUT OF EXISTENCE."

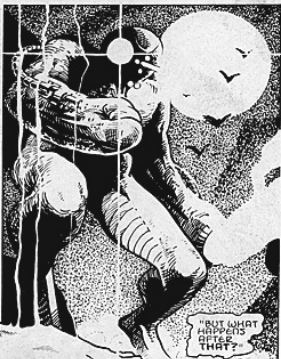
"FOUR DAYS FROM NOW WE WILL MAKE LOVE FOR THE LAST TIME. AFTERWARDS, I CRY..."

"AND AFTER THAT..."

"WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?"

"I DIDN'T SEE IT COMING...
LEGION DEAD
WARDOG CRIPPLED..."

"I'M MAKING LOVE TO LEGION. I'M SCATTERING HIS ASHES. I'M MEETING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME. I'M CRYING..."



"BUT WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?"

"AND WHY DIDN'T I SEE IT COMING?"

"THAT THING OUTSIDE... IT JUST KILLS AND KILLS...
MEQUILLAN SCREAMING...
IT KILLED HER LOVER TOO...
HER BLADEZ, LETTING GO..."



"SHOULDN'T BE HERE...
PATTERN BROKEN...
THERE WAS A CROOKED
MAN AND HE...
WHITE WINE, TURNING
RED..."



"WHITE AND RED, LIKE
BLOOD AND BONE...
LIKE CHESSMEN...
THE BOARD'S ASKEW...
THE GAMERS'
HANDS ARE SCORCHED
AND BLACKENED..."

"ALL STRATEGIES
ARE SHREDED IN
THE RANDOM
WIND... NOTHING
IS CERTAIN NOW..."

"BUT IF THIS GAME IS
LOST... IF THIS WORLD
FALLS... I SEE A
UNIVERSE EATEN
ALIVE BY CHAOS..."

"... AND ANOTHER UNI-
VERSE... AND ANOTHER,
LIKE DOMINOES...
TUMBLING..."

"I SEE THE
FUTURE..."

"...AND IT IS CANCELLED."

UAAARRR!!

Letters

To Whom It May Concern,

In my book there are two reasons for *The Daredevils* popularity, *Mr. Davis* and *Mr. Moore*. The *Captain Britain* story and *Alan's* articles are the only reason I buy the mag.

Now the bad points (faint of heart please cease to read). The major problem with this and other *British Marvels*, except the *Doctor Who Monthly* and *Starburst* is — REPRINTS, I cannot understand why, with so much British talent around (eg: *Leach, Moore, Lloyd, Davis, Bellon, Dillon*, etc) *Marvel* resort to American reprints. *Millers Daredevil* may be good, but it's already seen the light of day once, so why bother with a second run?

Anyway, thanks for a reasonable *Marvel* magazine at last (although it may appear I don't like it too much it's more adult and interesting than *Rampage* or *MSH*).

Good Luck,
Bryn Redman,

92 Main Street,
Merton
Ilkley, W. Yorks.

The reason for reprints is money. There is a higher return on reprints than originated material. As long as this remains to be the case, *Marvel Britain* will continue to reprint. This doesn't mean they won't experiment with the viability of originated material though, so all is not lost.

An *Alan Moore Special* sounds great to me. It would be particularly appreciated in the direct sales market.

Marvel Britain hasn't oriented itself in this direction yet. We'll have to see if it can catch up.

Dear Marvel,

I must commend you on your work on *The Daredevils*. I have not missed an issue and have just finished reading number eight. The comic seems to get better and better every issue and it is probably now my favourite British comic.

Anyway, straight to the point. I am really writing about the *Daredevil* Satire, in number eight, called *Grit*. This is probably the worst thing you have churned out at *Marvel UK* for a long time. It was racist, repugnant, degrading but, most of all, disgusting.

I never found satires funny. I admit, but if anyone actually smiled at this, they must either be an anarchist, or a reincarnation of Jack the Ripper. Someday, wouldn't it be great for all comics to be rid of this violence and anti-social humour?

Many people regard *Alan Moore* as the best comic writer at *Marvel*. I suppose they are right in a sense but if this is the funniest thing he can come up with I must disagree.

His work on *V for Vendetta* for *Warrior* was just as bad, warping the minds of the readers. It was an insult to *Frank Miller* above all, who as *Charles O'Neil* said, had tried to avoid racism in *Daredevil* as much as possible.

In *Grit* you depicted the black community of "Noo Yawk" as, and I quote, "Hundreds of Giant Black Men in Vests and Woolfens Caps Carrying Large Radios". It's racism at its worst.

Also we see *Sulley* smash two people's heads off and stick a cotton bud through his eye, with the words: "See? I toldja I was Mentally Disturbed!"

Do we really have to have pictures of people with blood pouring out of their stomachs? No, it's not necessary and I'm sick of it, even if I am the only person with these views in existence. There's nothing clever about a strip on the same intellectual level as *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

By now *Alan Moore* probably thinks I'm a fifty year old *Teen Titans* fan and a constant ten year pen-pal of *Jerry Siegal*. He's wrong. I am going to be thirteen next year on May 18th.

Grit was the only bad thing so far featured in *The Daredevils*. Keep up the good work on *Captain Britain*. It's my all-time favourite British comic-strip. Bring back the *Doctor Who* back-up strips. On second thoughts, bring back anything, but don't keep the satires on a regular basis... please!

I would sign off saying: "So until *Alan Moore* turns bald, Make Mine *Marvel*!", but I don't think that would be very wise.

Yours sincerely,
Daniel Coombs,

The Vicarage,
Peshore,
Worce, WR10 1DT

PS Would *Alan Davis* (my favourite artist) make a few more mistakes? His work is so good it's discouraging!!!

Dear Bernie,

Grit was great. All those cool black dots with radiating pencils, shoulders, bag-ladies and street-walkers, inane villains and a fresh angle on our hapless hero's

hyper-sense made for quite a satire.

As always, *Alan Moore* came up with some wonderful dialogue, a bit vicious in places and *Mark Farmer* and *Mike Collins* made an impressive first showing in your pages. I'm glad we didn't have to wait until you've reprinted all the *Miller Daredevil* stories to see this glorious send-up in print. Have you offered this strip to *US Marvel* for use in the pages of the regular *DD Monthly*?

Captain Britain starring the *Special Executive* was almost as busy with their own sense of humour. *Moore* writes some witty dialogue and, of course, the *Davis* art is as good as ever. Nice double-page spread *Alan* (such extravagance!). I wonder what *The Fury* will look like next time he appears, what with all these bodies he's been taking to bits and patching himself up with. Why he doesn't just hobble on down to the vet's I'll never know. All this and a bag-lady too!

The early artwork of *Alan Davis* was interesting. I see we share the same birthday, give or take eight years — no wonder the man's got talent!

As for a new title for the letters page, how about 'Readers Without Fear'?

Mark Gray,

11 Gregson Terrace,
New Seaham,
Co Durham, SR7 0HS

Yes, *US Marvel* know the strip is available for their use. They are busy with their own scheduling plans and promotions though so whether they would have the organisational werewithal to be able to include it, I don't know. Let's hope so.

I know for a fact that *Laurel Sutton* and *Mary Jo Duffy* (2 *USA Marvel* editors) laughed themselves silly reading it and thought it was great.

Greetings *Bernie's Brilliant Bullpen*.

Hold it right there! Just stop what you're doing, wherever you are and listen. I've a proposition which, I'm sure, will win overwhelming support. I suggest, now demand, that you change the title of your illustrious mag from *The Daredevils* to *The Dourdevils*, named after your new lead feature, *natch* — an alteration to be effective immediately.

OK so *Dourdevil* has made only one appearance. So what? That didn't stop them calling *Peter Parker Spider-Man*, even though

his limbs number half the required quota desired for an arachnid.

Alan Moore (again!) with partners-in-crime, *Mike Collins* and *Mark Farmer*, has created the definitive super-hero who has definite, poignant relevance to the contemporary society in which we live.

Marvelman and *V for Vendetta* bear no resemblance to reality. Pure comic strip fiction in comparison with *The Man* without a sense of humour. Even *Captain Britain* has fallen by the imaginative wayside, being trapped in the monotonous rut of persistent excellence.

Let's hear it once more for *Matt Miredock*, *Dourdevil*.

Yayy, go to it!
Paul Smith,

157 Broughton Ave,
Aylesbury, Bucks,
HP20 1PU



"I was so pleased with the drawing of *Captain Britain* that I now have a life-sized colour version of it painted on one of the walls in the hallway."

From *Anthony Crowther* of 14 Weaver Court, Manchester, N15 4BY.

DAREDEVILS, MARVEL
COMICS, 205-211,
KENTISH TOWN
ROAD,
NW5.

Letters

FANZINE

REVIEWS

—by alan moore—

There are eight million fanzines in the Naked City. To be precise, there are eight million fanzines filling my humble, folksy, Bohemian slum at this very moment. The kids are having to actually set fanzines because we can't get into the kitchen any more. Fanzines tower in front of the windows and shut out the light.

Fanzine's black the door and make the toilet unusable. My wife started screaming and tried to kill me with a garden hoe before I managed to render her unconscious with a rolled-up copy of *BEM*. I haven't seen the cat for a fortnight. By the time this message reaches you, I may already be dead.

Please bear all this in mind before you publish any more of these things. Lord knows, I'm not the one to stifle creativity. You all know that. It's just that I haven't been able to move my left leg since Tuesday and I'm worried about gangrene setting in. In fact, what I could use right now is a good laugh. Well a minute! What's that one there, right on top of that ominous pile that's grown up around the spot where I last saw my eldest daughter? Let's just see if I can reach it so that I can read the title... Blimey! It's...

BLIMEY! IT'S BRICKMAN
(Available from Lew Stringer, 11 Middlemarch Road, Hill Top, Newnstone, for 25p, plus 10p postage and packing.)

Well yes my soul! Here's a fine compendium of knee-slappers, guffaws and belly-laughs if ever there was one... twenty-four pages of pulse pounding drama from the pen of Lew Stringer, cataloguing the exploits of that well-known hooded (or possibly hooded) avenger, *Brickman*.

We have here three complete adventures in which wealthy socialite *Loose Brain* dons the awesome disguise that all criminals fear... that of a brick... and takes on the crown princes of the underworld with all the vitality and crafty intelligence of his namesake.

For my money, it's the finely-wrought characterisation and motivation of the villains that mark the true worth of *Lew Stringer* as an artist/writer to be reckoned with.

We get to see into the heads and hearts of these rascals, and are made painfully aware of the various social forces that have

condemned the poor creatures to a life of shame and sin. For example, there is *The Paker*, a lonely and unloved individual shunned because of his innocent habit of prodding people in the chest while he's talking to them. ("I... I was rejected by my fellow men... as a result I had no choice but to TURN TO CRIME!")

Then there is the freakish and oddly pathetic felon known as *The Ostrich*, born with a grotesquely deformed neck. ("Rejected by my fellow men! I've no choice but... to TURN TO CRIME!")

Then of course there's the ghastly *Man-Brick*, tragically transformed into a walking breeze-block in a foredoomed effort to emulate his hero, *Brickman*.

As his henchmen flee in terror at the sight of the monstrosity that their leader has become, we are given a chilling insight into a mind that is no longer human.

"Rejected by my fellow men. I've no choice but to TURN TO CRIME!" I only hope that *Chris Claremont* is reading this, that's all.

Incredibly funny. If I could find the cat, I'm sure that this would make it laugh. Buy.

BURNT STICK
(Available from Graham P. Cousins, 217 Highview, Vigo Village, Meopham, Kent for 35p plus a first class stamp)

Well, it's certainly boff yoks galore and an ongoing tickled rib situation with regard to this one. Basically, what *Graham Cousins* is doing here is taking all of the oldest jokes imaginable, the sort of jokes you find carved up on cave walls next to the pictures of men with antlers and the indistinct circular blobs that look a bit like space helmets if you screw your eyes up and are very drunk, he has taken these possibly pre-human gags and turned them into comic strips.

It's one of those ideas that's so crushingly simple that it seems inexplicable that no-one should have done it before and the results are really very funny indeed. Part of their success is obviously due to *Graham Cousins* cartoon style, which is surprisingly versatile and ranges effortlessly from delicate semi-photographic stippling to stark and abstract-looking expressionist stuff.

It appears that *Mr Cousins* would rather have fun than tie himself down to any one instantly recognisable and thus more

marketable style, a sentiment of which I entirely approve.

I think the real reason I laughed so much at some of this stuff is that the drawing is for the most part very elaborate and painstaking and the subject matter so pitifully weedy, in the nicest possible way.

The cover of issue three has a picture depicting an Aztec priest about to plunge a knife into the body of the young woman on the altar before him, turning briefly to remark to a fellow Aztec "You know, if you want to get anywhere in this life you have to be prepared to make a few sacrifices." I mean, that's pretty funny in itself, but the drawing that backs it up is a hellishly detailed Aztec landscape full of Ziggurats and things that must have taken him the best part of a day to actually execute. And he's done it all just so he can tell this one tiny little joke! Quite genuinely, if you didn't laugh, you'd cry.

For my part, I laughed myself sick and would recommend this to anyone as a spiffing way to combat post-June 9th Depression.

ESCAPE NO 1
(Available from Escape Publishing, 156 Munster Road, Fulham SW6 for £1.30 including postage.)

Escape 2 should be out any time around now, so I'll keep this brief and try to spend more time on reviewing a current issue when it arrives. I should think a lot of people who want this will have actually seen it by now but, for what it's worth...

Escape is an excellent catalogue of some of the exciting new talent that's flourishing away

from the Comics mainstream and, as such, is probably one of the most important British comic publications to have emerged during the last ten years. Represented herein are people like *Eddie Campbell* and *Phil Elliot*, who are, of course, like unto gods. There's also some vintage *Hunt Emerson* material which it shouldn't be necessary for me to remark upon the quality of, and lots of really interesting things by perhaps lesser known luminaries such as *Dave Harwood* and *Myra Hancock*. *Dave Harwood's* one page *Georgette* strip is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and *Myra Hancock* is very definitely the nicest surprise of the issue... her *Miss March* strip reveals an accomplished and fluid talent at work and in an issue or so's time I hope to take a look at a couple of her solo books within these pages, so maybe I'd better save all the inevitable gushing sickly praise until then, when your stomachs are up to it.

For the moment, *Escape* is a slab of sheer brilliance marred only by its strange insistence on using the distressing neologism UKBD when what they really mean to say is *Comics*. Give it a rest, eh, chaps? I mean, you're not ashamed of us or anything, are you?

At best, the phrase is just a soupçon pretentious. At worst, it'll run the magazine straight into yet another pointlessly divisive comic book ghetto, alongside *Ground Level* comics and *Underground* comics and all the other dead ends that didn't realise that the quickest way to kill a movement stone dead is to give it a name. A word to the wise guy...

WHAT IF... SPIDER-WOMAN REALLY LIVED UP TO HER NAME?



"...AND A JAR OF PICKLED FLIES LEGS PLEASE!"



Night Raven

Writer: Alan Moore Illustrations: Alan Davis

THE SNOW QUEEN: THE CONCLUSION

His name was Nick Kulbicki, and this is what he had:

He had a wife named Hilary who looked so damned good in slacks that if he'd have *had* any money he'd have suspected that she married him because of it. For the life of him, he couldn't think of any other reason, a beautiful woman like that . . .

He had a son called Alex, who would reach his tenth birthday sometime later in this year of our Lord, 1973. Ten was a good age. Maybe the *last* good age. It was the age when parents stopped worrying about what other people might do to their kids, given the chance, and started worrying about what their kids might do to themselves. Or to their girlfriend. Or . . . and here he paused and stole a glance at the figure sprawled upon the hospital cot . . . or their boyfriends. Holy Cow, thought Nick Kulbicki. Holy Cow.

He had a father who had somehow survived the crushing awfulness of the Warsaw Ghetto, two uncles who hadn't and a sister who was still living in Poland, living in a four-room flat in Krakow with her husband and daughters. She wrote him long letters in which her fears of the Russian Bear, fears that he *knew* she harboured, were conspicuous by their absence. He wished she could talk about them, but understood why she couldn't. Sometimes the bad stuff is too big to fit comfortably into anyone's mouth.

He had a partner called Steve Hubbard. They got on okay now but it hadn't always been that way. Kulbicki had no doubt that Hubbard still knew an endless string of Polack jokes, but at least he had the sense to keep them out of his senior officer's earshot these days. This stemmed, at least partly, from the day when Nick Kulbicki had asked his partner in a frighteningly controlled and even voice just how many Polacks it took to screw a bigmouthed Kansas hayseed into the floor. Hubbard had blinked and looked puzzled. Kulbicki had clapped one hand on the other man's shoulder, looked him straight in the eye and answered his own question. "Just one, Steve." Since then, no more Polack jokes. Not in earshot.

He had a fifteen year career with New York's Finest which had taken in Fraud, Homicide, Vice and now, Narcotics.

His name was Nick Kulbicki, and this is what he had . . .



Fraud had been okay. You meet a better class of criminal on the Fraud squad, by and large. The rest stunk.

He had all these things. They were the jigsaw pieces that made up his normal, everyday life. Only now, at this precise instant, he had something else as well.

He had a number of jigsaw pieces that didn't fit into his everyday life at all. Pieces that didn't fit in to the lives of anyone he'd ever heard about. It was as if fragments of some disturbingly foreign and exotic puzzle had somehow gotten into the box in which he kept those that comprised his own existence.

There was the sudden series of violent and inexplicable upsets that had turned the city's burgeoning cocaine industry upside down over the past couple of months. There was a tall, old-fashioned house that contained a number of dead gangsters and a room full from floor to ceiling with solid cement. He didn't like to think about what the cement might contain. Not if what Donald Pratt, AKA Cancer Divine AKA the poor jerk who was presently breathing his last on a starched hospital sheet about three feet from Nick Kulbicki's chair had had to say was actually true.

Pratt had been found within that house, lying like a puppet with its strings cut in a darkening pool of his own blood. He had been the only surviving witness, the only person who could tell the police just exactly what the hell had gone down in that building on that particular night.

Not for the first time, Nick Kulbicki wished that Donald Pratt had been declared D.O.A. when he reached the hospital. That way, nobody would ever have heard his story. That way, Nick Kulbicki could have gone into his retirement with his personal jigsaw neat and intact. He wouldn't have had to listen to this crazy delirious and, oh God, maybe even true story about death and treachery and immortality and Snow Queens.

He wouldn't have had to hear about Night Raven.

Over on the cot, Donald Pratt half-lifted his henna'd head from the pillow and began to talk. And Nick Kulbicki listened, and thought about all the things he had.

with about fifteen hundred pounds of assorted bad breath and Brylcreem hunkered down up there on the stairway, just over my head, with their guns oiled and ready, sitting in their sweaty fists just like . . . just like . . . Oh, I dunno. What's a good metaphor for guns? I dunno. I dunno. Forget it. They were sitting up there just over my head and they didn't know I was there.

"But I knew they were there, and I knew what for. They were workin' for Yi Yang, they were workin' for the Snow Queen, and tonight they were gonna earn their Christmas Bonus for the next fifty years. Tonight they were gonna wipe out the guy who their bitch of a boss hated worse than anything in the world. They were gonna wipe out the Night Raven. Except . . .

"Except they couldn't wipe out the Night Raven, could they? No. They couldn't. They couldn't do that because the Night Raven was immortal, just like Yi Yang was immortal. They couldn't hurt him. They couldn't kill him. They could put more holes into that dirty white trenchcoat than there are in Nixon's alibi and that cracked-faced son of a bitch would just keep right on coming. They couldn't kill him. No way. But, like, they didn't know that. do you see? They didn't know any of that.

"But Yi Yang did. She knew that their guns wouldn't be any use. She was just keeping them hidden away on the first balcony of the stairway as a little bit of interference, something that would stop Night Raven in his tracks just long enough for her to work the little surprise that she really had planned for him.

"You see, she knew that Night Raven was coming. I dunno how. Maybe people who are never gonna die just know things like that about each other, or maybe she dropped him a lead, knowing that it was gonna lure him to her tall creepy house on that very evening. Whatever. I don't know how she knew, but she knew Night Raven was coming. And she'd fixed him a little surprise.

"The surprise would come when Night Raven reached a certain room within the house. He'd look inside and he'd see a long divan. On that divan would be a Chinese woman with black hair and green eyes and a face that Night Raven had burned into the part of his mind that did all the hating maybe twenty or thirty years before. Yi Yang's face. The face of the woman he had come to kill. And there she'd be, all helpless and drugged and unprotected, just lying there, and Night Raven would walk into that room and draw his knife and just

about cut her into little pieces I guess. I dunno what happens when you cut an immortal into little pieces, but I guess it's pretty damn gross. But I didn't mind, or I wouldn't have minded, because Yi Yang was just, y'know, a monster. I mean that word. I really mean it. She was a monster. For all I cared, Night Raven could put her through a minmaster. Hell, I'd offered to empty the bowl when it was full.

"Except that the woman on the divan wasn't Yi Yang. The woman on the divan was a hopeless screwed-up beautiful doped-out lady called Chinese White, and Chinese White was my best friend in the world. Yi Yang had tricked her up with a black wig to cover her shiny white hair, and a pair of green contact lenses to conceal her pink eyes . . . Chinese White was an albino. Did I tell you that already? I did, didn't I? Yeah. Yeah. I did. It's difficult to think, y'know. Difficult . . .

"Chinese White was bait. All she had to do was lie there, doped out of her mind, so that Night Raven would see her and come tearing into the room with a fist full of blade and then . . . and then that big concrete machine, whatever it was, that I'd seen in the next room would start up and there'd be a gusher of cement bursting out of some concealed spot in the wall and covering Night Raven, covering Chinese White like a heavy wet avalanche . . . only this wasn't snow. This wasn't something that got melted and got softer the longer you left it. This was cement. Cement got harder. And Night Raven and Chinese White would be under it, both just the same apart from one big difference.

"Night Raven would still be alive. In the cement. Alive.

"Yi Yang had left the room. I'd heard her. She'd be waitin' somewhere nearby. She'd want to watch. She was that sort. The sort who wants to watch. She musta been really excited, y'know? Knowing that Night Raven was gonna show up soon. Of course, she didn't know how soon, not right then.

"But I did. I'd just been standing with my nose up against the little window under the stairs, watching him come running across the lawn towards the house, like, I dunno, like a leper moth or something. Soon he was going to be here. He was going to go into that room and get to work on Chinese White, my best friend, my very best friend, and then he was gonna get the hard rain falling on him, and maybe he'd be able to stagger to the door, maybe he'd have time before the room was fulla cement, but there were guys on the stairs. Guys

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Where was I? I keep forgetting where I . . . Oh. Oh yeah. I was in the house, wasn't I? That's where I was. Sure, I was standing scrunched up under the staircase of the Snow Queen's house

Night Raven



ALAN
DAVIS

Night Raven and Yi Yang were
just staring at each other ...

on the stairs and some of them were packing Saturday Night Specials and I seen one of 'em had a machine gun. At least one. A Chicago Piano, y'know? You don't shoot someone with a Chicago Piano. You cut 'em in half. Not even an immortal man could walk into something like that, could he? They'd be coverin' the door, seeing that he didn't bust out. It was all gonna happen. All of it, just like I said. Any minute now.

"And I was gonna let it happen. I was gonna watch it happening. Because I'm a coward. Because I didn't want to get hurt. No one wants to get hurt.

"I really don't know why I did what I

did. I really don't. But I remember what happened.

"The first thing I know, he was by the door. He just appeared there. Nobody had heard him enter the house, nobody had heard him come along the corridor. He was just *there*, you know? He was poised in the doorway of the room with the light before him as he looked in. I knew what he was looking at, and I didn't like to think about what was in his mind as he gazed at that pretty chinese lady with the black hair and the green eyes and that face, that face, that cold and despised face.

"I saw him tense under that coat of his, ready to enter the room and I knew

that it would all be up for Chinese White within seconds. Remember, I'd seen this guy at work before, that night at the 'V'. Note. I'd seen how fast he could move.

'Night Raven, it's a trap!'

"That's what I said, what I screamed, what I squealed as I came running outta that cubby hole, rushing straight towards him.

"I really don't know why I did that.

"I remember he turned and ... and then he hit me! Just knocked me flat. I thought, y'know, *whatt're ya hittin' me for, jerkwater?* I'm on *your* side! Then about fifty rounds of ammunition suddenly ripped into the wall right

where my head had been and I realised just why the Night Raven had knocked me flat. But, like, what about him? I opened my eyes and looked.

"All I caught was the blur of motion as his arms arched upwards from his sides, from his pockets, the half-glimpse of little dark shapes leaving his hands and heading in the direction of the staircase. Then, like, I had to close my eyes again.

"Because of the flash.

"Grenades.

"Boy, that Night Raven. He sure didn't mess around.

"Some of the hoods on the stairway were still alive, but it was only a temporary condition. Night Raven was just sort of flowing up the stairs towards them and there was something shiny in his hand now. I didn't look. I'd seen what he did with that shiny stuff one time before an' I didn't want to see anymore. I just shut my eyes and screamed. I was psyching out.

"It musta been then. It musta been while I had my eyes closed, while Night Raven was dealing with her pet gorillas, that Yi Yang showed up.

"She had to have been almost as quick as Night Raven, because he was finished with her goons in seconds flat and was heading back towards the room to finish the business that he'd come to finish. That's when I knew I couldn't just let myself go to pieces. I still had to save Chinese White just like little Kaye saved little Gerda in that Snow Queen story, the one with all the stuff about 'Eternity' spelled out in letters of ice. I had to save her, or Night Raven was gonna kill her. I grabbed at his leg as he stepped over me. It felt funny, under the trousers. It felt like it had ridges or something.

"Please. It isn't her. It isn't Yi Yang. It's a trap. Please, Night Raven. Don't kill her. Don't kill her.

"... and a lot more embarrassing stuff along the same lines. You know how it is when you're scared. Or maybe not. Maybe you don't know how it is.

"Anyway, the Night Raven, he just looked down at me, all crying and stupid and hanging onto his leg, and I stared into those black slits and I felt all the warm stuff just drain right out of me.

"He shook me off and moved towards the room. I got up and started following him, thinking that he hadn't understood me, thinking he still believed it really was Yi Yang on that divan. I guess I reached the room the same time he did. I guess I saw what was inside the same moment he saw it.

"There were two of them. Two Yi

Yangs. One was sorta just sitting up on the divan. The other was standing beside it. Like I say, she musta entered the room while I was hysterical.

"I couldn't figure it out for a moment. Why had she gone into the room, where Night Raven was going to find her? The only thing that I could think of was that she just couldn't stand the thought of victory being snatched from her when it was so close, that she'd sorta snapped or something. I was standing there gawping, trying to figure all this out when the noise started up. For a moment I didn't know what it was.

"I'd never heard about six of those big cement machines starting up at once before.

"The nozzles were hidden all over the place... she must have had a machine in every room that adjoined the one we were in, all pumpin' out cement nineteen to the dozen. There was a nozzle behind each of the paintings on the walls, and when the thick geyser of grey sludge spurted into life it would knock the painting aside and start pouring in.

"That's what was happening now. And the room was starting to fill up pretty damn quick. I could see Night Raven looking from one Yi Yang to the other, trying to make up his mind... except that right then, I noticed something that helped me to make it up for him.

"The Yi Yang that was sitting on the divan, looking around her in stunned horror at the cement that was oozing across the floor, there was something funny about her face. It was her eyes. Her eyes were different colours: One was green.

"The other one was pink. It looked like one of her green contact lenses had dropped out just in time to prove her identity. She was Chinese White. The other one, the one standing looking blankly at the cement rising around her legs, that was Yi Yang.

"I screamed this out to Night Raven as I dived across the room and started hauling Chinese White off that divan as fast as I could. Dragging her through the rising sludge towards the door of the room.

"When we reached the door, I looked back. Night Raven and Yi Yang were just standing there with cement up to their thighs, just staring at each other. Yi Yang looked as if she'd lost all her marbles, just had them all roll away, one by one. She didn't seem to understand what was happening to her.

"Night Raven did. At the last moment he turned and began to wade back towards the open door, where all of the grey sludge was spilling out and where

me an' Chinese White were crouched, holding each other and crying. I didn't think he was going to make it before the stuff was up around his chest, but he did.

"I got one last look into the room before Night Raven closed the door behind him. There was just Yi Yang's head, staring at us all over the top of the cement. Then the door closed and I didn't have to look anymore. The cement machines continued to growl for a few minutes and then they stopped. I tried not to think about Yi Yang.

"Night Raven just stood, looking at the closed door. I guess he'd figured out the situation pretty quickly, despite how incredibly convoluted it all was. I had the impression he was that kind of guy, the kinda guy who could work things out like that.

"Me and Chinese White just huddled there, sorta lookin' up at him, kinda nervous. Chinese White was crying, tears streaming down her face from her one pink eye, her one green one. I was still scared outta my mind. I mean, what did I know about this Night Raven character? He coulda been crazy enough to kill us there and then, just for laughs.

"But he didn't. He just stared at us once and then walked away down the corridor. After a moment I heard the front door open and close. He'd gone.

"He'd gone and I hugged Chinese White, little Kaye, and I was little Gerda and I'd rescued her from the Snow Queen. I'd done something heroic, for once in my life I'd won, y'know? I hadn't screwed up. I was just so happy. Just sooo happy, man.

"I looked at Chinese White and I smiled. She smiled back. It was a funny kinda smile. She was, y'know, just sorta smilin' at me in this funny way, and then she holds out her hand like she's got something in it for me... a piece of candy or something. My reward.

"I smiled back. She opened her hand.

There was something pink in the palm.

"It was a single, pink contact lens.

"With her other hand, the Snow Queen drew the Magnum out from under her skirt and emptied the whole clip into me. And then she just walked away, man. She just walked away.

"And the last thing that I thought about before the lights went out was the look on the face of the woman in that room, just before Night Raven closed the door. I knew whose face it had been now. I knew.

"Little Gerda had helped to kill little Kaye and had helped the Snow Queen escape and nobody lived happily ever after.

"And like, then I come round in this

Night Raven



She smiled and emptied the whole clip into me.

hospital, and I know the score, man. I know I'm going to die, but . . . this is strange . . . but that doesn't scare me, see? Because, yeah, me and Chinese White, we're dead. We both got to face the long dark tunnel. But we're the *lucky* ones, don't you see? Me and Chinese White, we only got the death sentence. But Night Raven and the Snow Queen . . .

"They got Eternity."

He died an hour later.

When Nick Kulbicki said goodbye to Steve Hubbard on the hospital steps before walking home alone, it was just before dawn, that grey and half-awake fool's-dawn that people in other parts of

the world call 'The Wolf's Tail.' There was nobody around. The city, for what it was worth, belonged to him. It was one of the things that he had, along with his wife, his kid, his career and all the rest of his jigsaw.

The streets gleamed like leather, the light was smoke-blue. Somewhere the birds were just starting up. Hilary would be asleep, probably over on his side of the bed to make it warm for him. Alex would be asleep, wearing that funny, serious little frown that he had. It occurred to Nick Kulbicki, not for the first time, that his life was sweet.

But he had never really understood before that it was the idea of death that *made* it so. We treasure our lives. We treasure them because there is so little

of them.

He stopped and looked at the barely-dark city that stretched in all directions around him, heavy with the presence of a million sleeping souls. He wanted to shout, standing there in the middle of the road, singing out like a madman. He wanted to tell everyone not to be afraid, to tell them that Death was not their enemy, that Death existed only to make sense of life. "Shake hands with Uncle Death, you suckers. He's not so bad. Hell, there are worse things than death!" That's what he wanted to shout.

But he didn't. He just walked home, back to what was his, back through the decaying pre-dawn shadows.

Night time in the city.

THE CITY AT NIGHT...

THE ORIGIN OF THE CRUSADER

STORY PLOT & ART: ALAN DAVIS WORDS: PAUL NEARY



LIKE AN ABANDONED MOVIE SET, IT WAITS AS THE PLAYERS ASSEMBLE TO ENACT THEIR ROLES IN THE GRIM SCENARIO THAT WILL PRESENTLY UNFOLD.

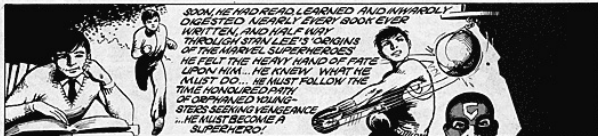


THE HOODED FIGURE GLIDES UNSEEN TO A VANTAGE POINT, AND COLD EYES SURVEY THE ONES BELOW. THEY ARE EVILDOERS... AND THEY SHALL PERISH! FOR NOW THE ONE ONCE WEAK WAS STRONG... AND THOSE WHO THINK THEMSELVES POWERFUL SHALL DISCOVER HOW PATHETIC THEY REALLY ARE!



HE FEELS HIS POWER AND REMEMBERS HIS WEAKNESS ON THAT DAY, NINETY YEARS BEFORE!

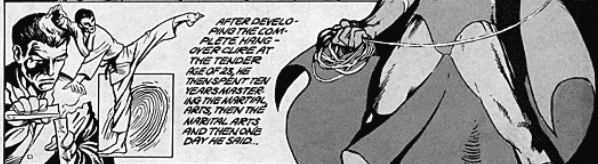
...HE SWORE VENGEANCE ON HIS PARENTS' KILLERS, ON GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE, AND ON THE CRIMINAL CLASSES IN GENERAL.



SOON, HE HAD READ, LEARNED AND INWARDLY DIGESTED NEARLY EVERY BOOK EVER WRITTEN, AND HALF WAY THROUGH STAN LEE'S 'ORIGINS OF THE MARVEL SUPERHEROES' HE FELT THE HEAVY HAND OF FATE LICK HIM... HE KNEW WHAT HE MUST DO... HE MUST FOLLOW THE TIME HONORED PATH OF ORPHANED YOUNGSTERS SEEKING VENGEANCE... HE MUST BECOME A SUPERHERO!



ENDLESS HOURS IN THE GYM HONED HIS BODY TO PERFECTION OF STRENGTH, AGILITY AND FITNESS. HE DID NOT NEGLECT HIS MENTAL FACULTIES, AND BECAME A NUCLEAR PHYSICIST, DOCTOR, LAWYER, ARCHITECT, LAYOUT ARTIST AND ACCOUNTANT!



AFTER DEVELOPING THE COMPLETE HANG- OVER CURE AT THE TENDER AGE OF 23, HE THEN SPENT TEN YEARS MASTERING THE MARTIAL ARTS, THEN THE MARTIAL ARTS AND THEN ONE DAY HE SAID...

"IF I DON'T GET ON WITH IT, I'LL BE DEAD OF OLD AGE!" - AND THUS WAS BORN...

THE CRUSADER!



THE TIME HAD COME... THE HOUR WAS HERE... HIS FIRST MISSION... HE WOULD MAKE THEM PAY STAMP ON THEIR BODIES, BREAK THEIR BONES... HA! BUT ONE THING AT A TIME... FIRST HE WOULD REDEEM THEM.

HOLD, EVIL DOERS!



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By
Mark Harris

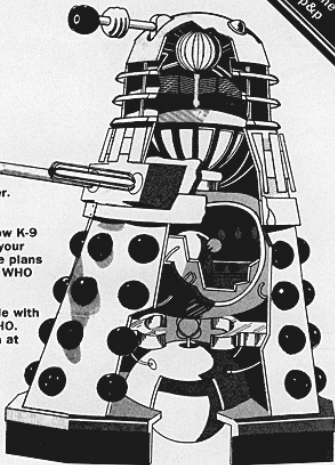
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DAREDEVIL®

BROADCAST LIVE FROM
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN,
IT'S GOOD EVENING,
NEW YORK!



TOM'S FIRST GUEST
TONIGHT IS BLIND
ATTORNEY MATT
MURDOCK.

GOOD
EVENING,
MATT.
WELCOME
TO THE
SHOW.

THANK
YOU,
TOM. I...

OF COURSE, YOUR RECENT
INVOLVEMENT IN THE
CONTROVERSIAL ANGEL DUST
MURDERS IS VERY MUCH ON
EVERYONE'S MIND, MATT.
WE'LL GET RIGHT
TO THAT.

GOOD,
TOM. I THINK
IT'S VERY
IMPORTANT THAT...
BUT DOGGONE IT,
THERE'S A QUESTION
I'M DYING TO ASK
YOU FIRST!



I WON'T
BEAT AROUND
THE BUSH,
MATT. YOU'RE
BLIND.

WHAT I'D LIKE TO
KNOW, MATT, IS HOW
THE HECK CAN A BLIND
LAWYER ADDRESS A
JURY WHEN HE
DOESN'T KNOW
WHERE IT IS?

YOU COULD
BE FACING THE
WRONG SIDE OF
THE ROOM,
FOR PETE'S
SAKE!

WELL, MURDOCK?...



WE
INTERRUPT
THIS PROGRAM
TO BRING YOU
A SPECIAL
NEWS
BULLETIN.

BULLSEYE, THE WORLD'S
DEADLIEST ASSASSIN,
HAS ESCAPED FROM
A MIDTOWN HOSPITAL
AS HE WAS ABOUT
TO UNDERGO
SURGERY.

IF YOU SEE
THIS MAN,
CALL THE
POLICE. HE IS
NOT ARMED,
BUT IS
EXTREMELY
DANGEROUS.

IN HIS
HANDS
ANYTHING
IS A DEADLY
WEAPON!



WE NOW
RETURN YOU
TO GOOD
EVENING,
NEW YORK!

WASN'T
THAT A
THRILL...

NOW, MATT, YOU
WERE ABOUT TO
TELL ME HOW
YOU...



MATT?...

HE'S
GONE!



**GONE,
TRANSFORMED.**

WHEN YOUNG MATT
MURDOCK WAS
STRUCK ACROSS THE
EYES AND BLINDED
BY A RADIOACTIVE
CANNISTER, HIS
REMAINING SENSES
BECAME AMPLIFIED TO
SUPERHUMAN
LEVELS.

YEARS LATER, HIS
FATHER'S DEATH AT
THE HANDS OF GANG-
STERS COMPELLED
HIM TO BATTLE
INJUSTICE AS...

DAREDEVIL?!

HOW'D YOU
GET PAST
MY MEN?



IT WASN'T DIFFICULT.
THE ONLY COPS THAT
FEEL OBLIGED TO HASSLE
ME ARE COPS WITH MORE
RANK THAN **BRAINS**...

-- LIKE YOU, LIEU-
TENANT MANOUS.

WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?



WE'VE GOT TO
FIND HIM, NICK.

SEE FER YERSELF, HOTSHOT.

FAR AS WE CAN TELL,
BULLSEYE HELD HIS BREATH
WHEN ANESTHETIZED. THEN
HE GRABBED A SCALPEL
AND CUT A PATH TO FREE-
DOM THROUGH THE SURGICAL
TEAM-- AND THROUGH
THREE OF MY MEN.

I'M GETTING TOO OLD
FER THIS STUFF...



HE PUTS HIS
HAND TO HIS
MOUTH AND
TRIES NOT
TO SCREAM.

THEY'VE DONE IT!
THEY'VE FINALLY
DONE IT!

TIMES SQUARE CHRISTMAS
SHOPPERS SURROUND HIM.
IGNORE HIM, PASS HIM BY, BUT
THAT IS NOT HOW HE SEES IT.

HE IS INSANE-- AND TO HIM,
NEW YORK IS A CITY POSSESSED!

THE DEVILS
HAVE TAKEN
OVER!

**STEREO
CASSETTE
ITEMS**



DEVILS

FRANK MILLER • KLAUS JANSON • JOE ROSEN • DENNY O'NEIL • JIM SHOOTER
WRITER/PENCILLER INKER LETTERER EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF



HE HAS HAD MANY NAMES. ONE OF THEM IS BULLSEYE.

BY PROFESSION, HE IS A KILLER-
FOR-HIRE. AND EVEN AMONG HIS
FELLOW PROFESSIONALS, HE IS
FEARED.

IN THE NEXT FIVE
SECONDS, YOU WILL
DISCOVER WHY.



ZERO.



I'VE KILLED
YOU, DEVIL!
AND I'LL KEEP
KILLING YOU--
--UNTIL THERE
AREN'T ANY MORE
OF YOU LEFT!



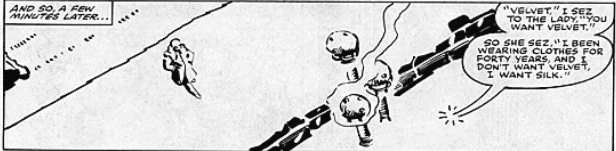
I SCARED THEM
OFF! THEY'RE
CHANGING BACK
INTO PEOPLE--
AND THEY'VE
STOPPED MAKING
MY HEAD HURT.

BUT THEY
ALL HAVE
COSTUMES.
I DON'T!

IT
ISN'T FAIR...



AND SO, A FEW
MINUTES LATER...



"VELVET," I SEZ
TO THE LADY, "YOU
WANT VELVET."

SO SHE SEZ, "I BEEN
WEARING CLOTHES FOR
FORTY YEARS, AND I
DON'T WANT VELVET,
I WANT SILK."

AND I SEZ, "LADY, I BEEN MAKING
CLOTHES FOR FORTY YEARS, AND
TRUST ME YOU WANT VELVET."



I SEZ "YOU MAKE A WINTER
COAT OUTTA SILK AND YOU'LL
FREEZE YOUR--"



JUST A MINNIT,
SOL. I GOT A
CUSTOMER.

I NEED A
COSTUME.



SURE, MISTER.

MEBBE
SOMETHING
IN VELVET?



MEANWHILE...

BULLSEYE BECAME MORE ERRATIC--AND VIOLENT--AFTER YOU LAST POLOUT HIM IN, DAREDEVIL.

HE WAS MOVED HERE TO SEE IF WE COULD FIND A MEDICAL REASON FOR HIS BEHAVIOR. WE DID.



BULLSEYE HAS A CANCEROUS GROWTH--A TUMOR--IN HIS BRAIN WHICH CAUSES HIM TO SUFFER AGONIZING HEADACHES, AS WELL AS HALLUCINATIONS.

THIS TUMOR WAS PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE AT CONEY ISLAND.

THAT DID SEEM ODD AT THE TIME... DOCTOR, YOU MENTIONED HALLUCINATIONS. WHAT KIND?



* DD # 16(us) # 3 (uk)

BULLSEYE IS OBSESSED WITH HIS DEFEAT AT YOUR HANDS, DAREDEVIL.

DURING HIS HEADACHES, HE PERCEIVES EVERYONE AROUND HIM TO BE YOU. THREE WEEKS AGO, HE ATTACKED A NURSE AND ALMOST MURDERED THE POOR WOMAN.

HE WAS SCREAMING YOUR NAME AS HE WAS SEDATED.



HIS HEADACHES WERE BECOMING MORE FREQUENT WHEN WE DECIDED TO OPERATE.

IF THAT TUMOR IS NOT REMOVED HE WILL DIE--AND SOON.

THAT'D BE A REAL LOSS TO SOCIETY.



ANY DEATH IS A LOSS, MANOLIS.

NUTS. KILLING IS LIKE BREATHING TO THAT SLIME. HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE.

THAT'S NOT FOR EITHER OF US TO DECIDE. WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM.



EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT.

IT'S BULLSEYE. HE'S ALREADY STARTED. STRUCK DOWN THREE PEOPLE IN TIMES SQUARE.



WITNESSES SAY HE WAS YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT "DEVILS"...

TIMES SQUARE IS DOTTED WITH SMALL, SHOEBOX-SHAPED MOVIE THEATRES. IN ONE OF THEM...

DEVILS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! BUT THEY'RE HIDING...AND SO AM I...













AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SLENDER FORM DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROOFTOP OF MATT MURDOCK'S UPPER EAST SIDE BROWNSTONE.



THIS IS ELEKTRA-- A RUTHLESS, LAWLESS BOUNTY HUNTER.



SHE WONDERES WHY SHE HAS COME HERE.

IS IT BECAUSE MATT MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL--AND DAREDEVIL RECENTLY DEPRIVED HER OF A VALUABLE BOUNTY? *



*LAST ISSUE.



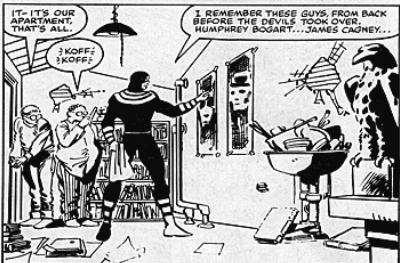
NO. IT IS BECAUSE DAREDEVIL IS MATT MURDOCK-- THE ONLY MAN SHE HAS EVER LOVED.

BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO. THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING LEFT OF THAT.



NOTHING AT ALL.





YEAH... THEY'RE FROM THE MOVIES. I SAW WHEN I WAS A KID. I GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF THESE GUYS...



THAT WAS BEFORE I LEARNED THAT IT'S *ONLY* IN THE MOVIES THAT YOU WIN JUST BY BEING A GOOD BOY.



IN REAL LIFE, IF HE'S QUICK AND SMART AND NASTY ENOUGH--



--THE *BAD* GUY WINS!



OUTSIDE THE THEATRE...

START AN APARTMENT-BY-APARTMENT SEARCH. BULLS IS PROBABLY HOLED UP IN THE AREA.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH HIM, MEN. HE'S A KILLER, AND HE'S CRAZY.



MY SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS CAN READ THE PRESCRIPTION ON THIS BOTTLE... "TAKE TWELVE TIMES DAILY"... STAY ON OUR TOES.



WHEN THE LOZENGES ARE MEDICATED... *HEAVILY!* THAT GUY MUST HAVE A SERIOUS THROAT CONDITION.



HAMMM... BULLSEYE SMOKES CIGARETTES, AND HE'S HIDING WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS A BAD THROAT... A CONDITION THAT WOULD GET WORSE WITHOUT THE LOZENGES.

IT'S A SLIM LEAD, BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE.



...AND IT'S GONNA TAKE EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THIS LOONIE. WE GOTTA BE ALERT... STAY ON OUR TOES.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, DELANY?



SHORTLY...

OKAY, DD. SO YOU'RE A HOT SHOT SUPER HERO. SO YOU CAN TOUCH, TASTE, SMELL, AND HEAR, BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH.

BUT CAN YOU DETECT A SINGLE COUGH IN THE OCEAN OF NOISE BELOW YOU?



DAREDEVIL RELAXES, AND
CLEARS HIS MIND OF
THOUGHT.

A WAVE OF SOUND ROARS
UP FROM THE STREET,
STRONG AND CLEAR.



HE SHUTS IT OUT.

HE CONCENTRATES.
SOFTER SOUNDS
MURMUR TO HIM
FROM A THOUSAND
SEPARATE SOURCES.



HE SHUTS THEM OUT.

HE STRAINS. STILL
SOFTER SOUNDS
WHISPER FAINTLY.

HE SIFTS THROUGH
THEM CAREFULLY,
ISOLATING EACH.

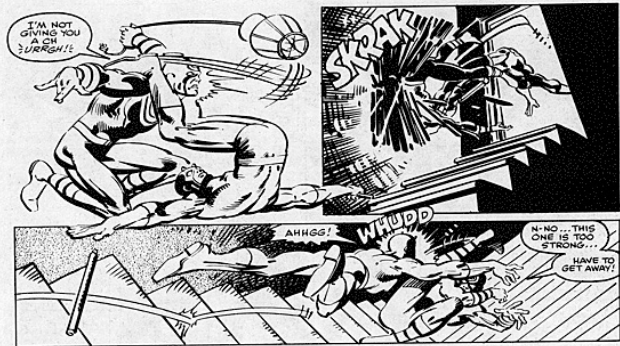


FINALLY
HE HEARS
IT.



HE SMILES.







--DAREDEVIL CAN ONLY TASTE A SICKENING MIXTURE OF BLOOD AND DIRT--



--AND FEEL HIS RIBS FLEX INWARD AS A BOOT SMASHES INTO HIS CHEST.



EVEN HIS RADAR SENSE FAILS HIM.

AS EVER, THE WAVES FLOW FROM HIS BRAIN, PROBING THE WORLD ABOUT HIM. BUT THE DESCRIPTIVE SIGNALS RETURN TO A BRAIN THAT IS STUNNED, CONFUSED...

HIS FOE ELUDES HIM.



DESPERATE NOW, DAREDEVIL SWINGS WILDLY, HOPING FATE WILL GUIDE HIS BLOW.

IT DOESN'T. FLESH AND BONE COLLIDE WITH UNYIELDING IRON AND THE IMPACT SHUDDERS UP HIS ARM--



--TO BE MET, BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES, BY A STILL MORE BRUTAL SHOCK.

THEN, HE IS AWARE OF HIS BODY ONLY IN PATCHES, EACH LIT BY A SIGNAL FLARE OF PAIN...



AT HIS BACK, LINKED VERTEBRAE STRETCH ACROSS A SHARPLY THRUST KNEE...

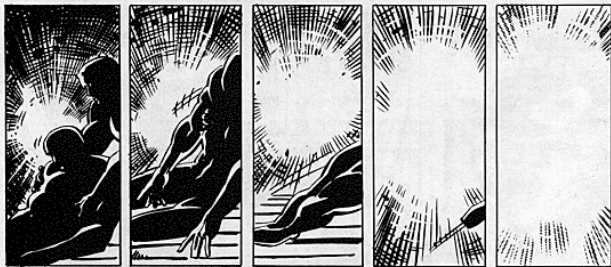
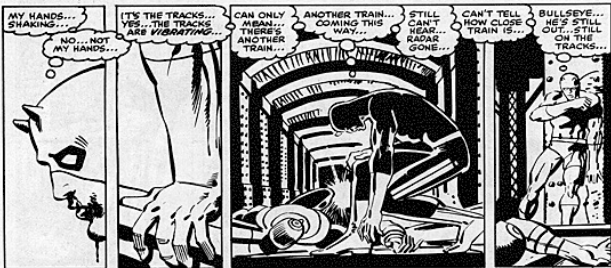
WHILE, AT HIS NECK, MUSCLE AND TENDON STRAIN AGAINST HANDS THAT TWIST HIS HEAD SLOWLY, INEXORABLY.

FROM THE GRINDING OF BONE AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NEAR DEATH.

N... NO...

NO...







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166, 237, 247, 248, 253-255,
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30, 37; Spider-Man 271, 315,
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